NOTES

UPON

Mr. Dryden's Poems

IN

Four Letters.

By *M. CLIFFORD*, late Maſter of the *Charter-Houſe*, *LONDON*.

To which are annexed ſome Reflections upon the *HIND* and *PANTHER*. By another Hand.

Et Muſarum & Apollinis æde relictâ,
Ipſe facit verſus. Juven. Sat. 7.

LONDON Printed in the Year. 1687.

THE

First Letter.

SIR,

I Had paſs'd by the groſs Scurrility of your laſt Prologue with the ſame Contempt that I have always had for the reſt of your Scribling, had not ſome of my Acquaintance ſuggeſted to me, that it was unfit to ſuffer you any longer to go on without Reproof. I will now therefore take you as much into my conſideration as ſo trifling a ſubject does deſerve: Not at all doubting but to kill this Tetter of yours with the ordinary Remedy of a little Ink. The Method I purpoſe to uſe, ſhall be, Firſt to expoſe your Faults, (I do not mean all) for that were as *Diego* ſaid of the Poor of his Pariſh, All the Pariſh. No---- you are too abundant and plentifull a Fop for any man to miſ-employ ſo much time upon, but enough to ſatisfie any man of Judgment with the Abilities of our *Poet Laureat*.

And next I will detect your Theſts, letting the World know how great a Plagiary you are; and that for all your pretences to Wit and Judicious Cenſure, you do live in as much Ignorance and Darkneſs as you did in the Womb: That your Writings are like a Jack of all Trades Shop, they have

Variety, but nothing of value. And that if thou art not the dulleſt Plant-Animal that ever the Earth produced, all that I have convers'd with are ſtrangely miſtaken in thee.

So dull thou art, as if thou'dſt largely quaft
All ſleepy Juyces for thy mornings draught;
Henbane and Hemlock, which mans Soul benight,
Mandrake and Poppy, &c.

For this time farewel: Within two or three days you ſhall hear further from me.

THE

Second Letter.

I Have written to you within the Time to which I was by my promiſe engaged, and you may perceive by this Letter with what care I have read over your Conqueſt of *Granada*, a dull heavy Task, which few but my ſelf, except *ſome Choice Female Spirits, and Peculiar Friends of yours at Court* (as your Brother *Bayes* has it in the *Rehearſal*) would have undertaken. You have therefore, to uſe one of your own Compliments, *the more grand obligement* to me, for going through with a Work of that difficulty. I muſt confeſs I did not make an end of it without twenty Stops, forty Oaths, and at leaſt an hun-

hundred and fifty Reſolutions at every Page to give it over, and truly

------ *I did dare*
To be ſo impudent as to deſpair---- *Alman. Page* 33

that I ſhould ever finiſh it. In this vexation of mind I frequently threw the paltry Book to the ground, I ſcratch'd my Head, I rubb'd my Forehead, put up my Black Lead Pen, and expreſt all the poſtures that men uſe, when they are troubled with an Impertinent. Yet after all this, with much ſtrugling *Opus exegi*, and ſend you the Fruits of my Labour, to whom of right they are moſt due; *being beforehand aſſured that you will not be concern'd for any thing I ſay, ſince the common Opinion (how unjuſt ſoever) has been to your advantage; and having ſwept the ſtakes, you can be content to ſit quietly, to hear your Fortune curs'd by ſome, and your Faults arraigned by others.* The plain and natural conſtruction of which words as they lie before us, is, that having received your Money from the Door-keepers, having pick'd the Pockets of your Auditors, you care not a Ruſh with what Contempt and Nauſeouſneſs the Judicious ſpeak of your Bauble; yet you grant that *a ſevere Critick is the greateſt help to a good Wit. He does the Office of a Friend, whilſt he deſigns that of an Enemy; and his malice keeps a Poet within thoſe Bounds which the Luxuriancy of his Wit and Fancy would tempt him to over-leap.* How luxuriant your Wit and Fancy is, will preſently appear without any need of great ſeverity in the Critick, who has omitted at leaſt a hundred good thumping ſubſtantial Faults, for one he has taken notice of. Preface to *Almanzor*. Preface.

To begin with your Character of *Almanzor, which you avow to have taken from the Achilles in Homer*; pray

pray hear what *Famianus Strada* ſays of ſuch Takers as Mr. *Dryden*, *Ridere ſoleo cum video homines ab Homeri virtutibus ſtrenuè declinantes, ſi quid vero irrepſit vitii, id avidè arripientes.* But I might have ſpared this Quotation, and you your avowing: For this Character might as well have been borrowed from ſome of the Stalls in *Bedlam*, or any of your own hair-brain'd Coxcombs, which you call *Heroes*, and Perſons of Honour. I remember juſt ſuch another fuming *Achilles* in *Shakeſpear*, one Ancient *Piſtol*, *whom he avows to be a man of ſo fiery a temper, and ſo impatient of an injury, even from Sir John Falſtaff his Captain, and a Knight, that he not onely diſobeyed his Commands about carrying a Letter to Mrs. Page, but return'd him an anſwer* as full of contumely, and in as opprobrious terms as he could imagine. *

* Merry Wives of Windſor.

Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and Fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhall lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk, &c.

Let's ſee e'er an *Abencerrago* fly a higher pitch. Take him at another turn quarrelling with Corporal *Nym*, an old *Zegri:* The difference aroſe about mine Hoſteſs. *Quickly* (for I would not give a Ruſh for a man unleſs he be particular in matters of this moment) they both aimed at her body, but *Abencerrago* Piſtol defies his Rival in theſe words:

Fetch from the Powdring-Tub of Infamy
That Lazar-Kite of Creſſids kind,
Doll Tearſheet, *ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe: I have / and I will hold*

The

The quondam Quickly *for the onely ſhe.*
And pauca-----

There's enough. Does not Quotation ſound as well as

Οὐοβαρὴς κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην τ' ελαφοῖο
Δημοβόρῳ Βασιλεύς.

But the Four Sons of *Ammon*, the Three bold *Beachams*, the Four *London* Prentices, *Tamerlain* the *Scythian* Shepherd, *Muleaſſes*, *Amurath*, and *Bajazet*, or any raging Turk at the *Red Bull* and *Fortune*, might as well have been urged by you as a Pattern of your *Almanzor*, as the *Achilles* in *Homer*, but then our Laureat had not paſs'd for ſo Learned a man as he deſires his unlearned Admirers ſhould eſteem him.

But I am ſtrangely miſtaken if I have not ſeen this very *Almanzor* of yours in ſome diſguiſe about this Town, and paſſing under another Name. Prethee tell me true, was not this Huff-cap once the Indian Emperour, and at another time did not he call himſelf *Maximine*? Was not *Lyndaraxa* once called *Almeria*, I mean under *Montezuma* the Indian Emperour? I proteſt and vow they are either the ſame, or ſo alike, that I can't for my heart diſtinguiſh one from the other. You are therefore a ſtrange unconſcionable Thief, that art not content to ſteal from others, but do'ſt rob thy poor wretched Self too.

I have thus far made bold with you out of meer Charity; for *you ſay that obſerving your Errors is a great ſtep to the correcting them.* Preface.

But pray give me leave without any offence, to ask you why it was a Fault in *Shakeſpear*, that *his Plays were grounded upon Impoſſibilities, and ſo meanly written, that the Comedy neither cauſed your Mirth, nor the*

the serious part your Concernment? This you say in your Postscript, and in your Preface, you tell us, *that a Poet was not tied to a bare Representation of what is possible, but might let himself loose: For he has only his Fancy for his Guide, which sees farther in its own Empire, and produces more satisfactory notions.*

I understand not well your meaning, but my dear Friend, thou may'st remember *Aristotle* was of another opinion.

Δράμματα καλεῖσθαι φᾶσι τίνες διὸν μιμοῦνται τοὺς ποιοῦντας καὶ Δρῶντας.

Essay of Dramatick Poetry.

I was about six years since a little acquainted with a Name-sake and Countreyman of yours, who pilfer'd out of Monsieur *Hedelin*, *Menardiere*, and *Corneille*, an Essay of Dramatick Poetry, wherein he tells us another tale, and says, *a Play ought to be a just and lively Image of Humane Nature, Representing its Passions and Humours*, &c.

----- *Si sic*
omnia dixisset.

You shall hear further from me e're it be long.

THE

THE
Third Letter.

WHen you have wiped off all former ſtains from your Reputation, I ſhall think you worthy to be called to another manner of Account, but till then I will content my ſelf to proceed in this mild way of Correcting your Inſolence which I have begun, ſubmitting it to the Judgment of all Men, which of us two deſerve beſt the Honourable Title of a Railer.

And now if you were not too peeviſh to endure a Queſtion, I would make bold to ask you the meaning of this Simile:

The Brave Almanzor
Who like a Tempeſt that out-rides the Wind. *Almanz.* Act. 2. *pag.* 13.

The ſenſe of it to my weak and ſhallow Underſtanding, is, a Tempeſt that out-rides it ſelf: And if it be ſo, pray reſolve me * *whether you be not cozen'd with the ſound, and never took the pains to examine the ſenſe of your own Verſes,* which is a Fault you object to others in your modeſt Preface. * Preface.

Another of the ſame.

Great Souls diſcern not when the leap's too wide,
Becauſe they onely view the farther ſide. Act. 4.

Turn that into Prose, and then this is the Nonsense of it; They do not discern the distance, because they only view the distance. And if that be the best Construction it can bear, then answer me, *Whether you* * *who have undertaken to write Verse without being form'd by Art or Nature for it, whether you who have written one of the worst in it, could have written worse without it?*

* Preface to *Alman.*

I think this Instance I am going to give you, would have done every jot as well in Prose, as in Heroick Verse.

LYNDARAXA.

This is my Will, and this I will have done.

Or this.

None could be seen whilst Almahid *was by,*
Because she was to be her Majesty.

Therefore to reprehend you in your own Lofty Stile, by applying an ingenious Couplet.

Either confess your Fault, or hold your Tongue;
For I am sure I am not now i'th' wrong.

Mr. *Dryden,*

THere is one of your Virtues which I cannot forbear to animadvert upon, which is your excess of Modesty; When you tell us in your Postscript to *Granada*, That *Shakespear is below* * *the Dullest Writer of Ours, or any precedent Age.* In which by your favour, you Recede as much from your own Right, as you disparage *Almanzor*, because he is yours, in preferring

Ben.

Ben. Johnſon's Cethegus before him; ſaying in your Preface, that his Rodomontadoes are neither ſo irrational as the others, nor ſo impoſſible to be put in execution. I'll give you ſo many inſtances to the contrary, as ſhall convince you, and bring you over to my ſide.

I'll face this ſtorm that thickens in the Wind; Act. 2.
And with bent forehead full againſt it go,
Till I have found the laſt and utmoſt Foe.

If Fate weaves common Thred, he'll change the doom, Act. 3.
And with new Purple ſpread a Nobler Loom.

But here's a dreadfull one:

------ *My word is paſt,*
I'll take his heart by th' Roots and hold it faſt.

If the proudeſt hard-hearted *Cethegus* of 'em all heard thisterrible menace, I believe

------ *The buſie thing*
His Soul would ſtraight pack up, and be on Wing; Alman.
Like parting Swallows when they ſeek the Spring. Act. 4.
He'd ſhuder up with cold: p. 123.

as you elegantly expreſs it in your *Maiden Queen*, pag. 60.

I'll hector Kings to grant my wild Demands. Act. 3.

Fate after him below with pain did move, Part 1.
And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above. Act. 2.

Cætera de genere hoc adeo ſunt multa, &c.

We follow Fate which does too faſt purſue.

'Tis juſt that Flames ſhould be condemn'd to Fire.

You muſt not take it ill, Mr. *Dryden*, if I ſuſpect both thoſe Verſes to have a ſtrong Tincture of Nonſenſe, but if you'l defend 'em, of all loves I beg of thee that thou would'ſt conſtrue them, and put them into ſenſe: for to me, as Parſon *Hugh* ſays in *Shakeſpear*, they ſeemed Lunacies, it is mad as a mad Dog, it is affectatious.

I once thought to have ended this Letter here with a Diſtich of your own:

Let us at length ſo many faults forget,
And loſe the tale, and take 'em by the great.

But if I had ſo concluded, I ſhould have omitted a memorable conceit or two; the one is in a Speech of *Almanzor* to his Mothers Ghoſt.

I'll ruſh into the Covert of thy Night,
And pull thee backward by thy Shroud to Light.
Or elſe I'll ſqueez thee like a Bladder there,
And make thee groan thy ſelf away to air.

The ſecond is a Speech of *Porphyrius* to *Maximine*, in thy Tyrannick Love.

Where'er thou ſtand'ſt, I'll level at thy face,
My guſhing blood, and ſprout it at that place.

THE

THE

Fourth Letter.

Charter-House, July, 1. 1672.

SInce I cannot draw you to make a reply to me, assure your self that after this Letter you shall hear no further from me.

An horrid Silence shall invade your Ear,
But in that Silence a fierce Tempest fear.

On the Kings Restoration.

I intended to have made no more Animadversions upon the viciousness of your Style, till in reviewing the several Pamphlets you have published, I found so much good new matter of that kind, that I could not forbear to return once more to the same subject, and reserve the the other heads for the Press.

My first observation shall be of the admirable facility of your Muse in Similes, which allude to nothing. This your Brother *Bayes* has before taken notice of in the *Rehearsal.* But I think it not amiss to insist a little longer on that point; referring it wholly to the Judgment of those fair Ladys, who have hitherto been the best strength of your party, hoping there will be no need of further pains than just transcribing, and laying them before them.

The first I light upon is an excellent Illustration of Grief.

Then setting free a sigh from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two Pearles the remnant of Wild Showers,
And hung like drops upon the Bells of Flowers.

Maiden Queen. page 49.

Another.

My Soul lies hid in shades of grief,

When

Riv. Lad. p. 32. *When like the Bird of Night with half shut Eyes,*
She peeps and sickens at the sight of day.

A Melting Simile upon the like Occasion.

Alm. p. 61. *As some fair Tulip by a storm oppress't*
Shrinks up, and folds its silken Armes to rest,
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the Wind sing round its head,
So shrowded up that beauty disappears.

Upon Anger.

Alm p. 101 *Why will you in your breast your passion crowd,*
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?

Upon Famine.

Ind. Emp. *As callow Birds whose Mother's kill'd in seeking of the prey,*
Cry in their Nests, and think her long away,
And at each leaf that stirs each blast of Wind
Gape for the food which they must never find.
So cry the People in their Misery.

Riv. Lad. *Pensive like Kings in their declining State.*

Pray, why not like States in their declining State? Where by the way, Mr. *Dryden*, if you had reserv'd this *Davenantism* till the opportunity, you might have given the *Hollanders* a frump, and very honestly have got a Clinch into the Bargain.

Maiden Queen. *I shall keep the fasts of Seraphims*
And wake for Joy, like Nightingals in May.

Bless me! What stuff is this? prethee speak impartially, does not this worthless Collection now seem to you a confused Mass of thoughts tumbling o're one another, in the *Dark*? as you wittily say to my Lord of *Orrery* in the Dedication of the Rival Ladies?

Now I'll make bold to have a fling at that kind of thy Writing, which thou, thy Comerades, and thy Admirers call great and noble thoughts.

Alm p. 106 *Now Chance assert thy own inconstancy*
Riv. Lad. p. 28. *And fortune fight, that thou may'st fortune be.*
------*Birds ne'er impose.*

A Rich plum'd Miſtriſs, on their feather'd Sons,
But leave their loves more open yet and free
Than all the Fields of Air, their ſpacious Birth-right.

Harſh words from her, like blows from angry Kings *Idem.*
Though they are meant affronts, are conſtrued favours.
Seas are the Fields of Combat for the Winds:
But when they ſweep along ſome flowry Coaſt
Their Wings move mildly, and their rage is loſt. *Al. p. 158.*
Move ſwiftly Sun; and fly a Lovers pace,
Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy race.

The Sun, honeſt Mr. *Dryden* would have done ſo though *Almanzor* had not commanded him, and if you doubt of it, I refer you to *Gadbury*, *Sanders*, *Lilly*, *Rider*, Poor *Robin*, or any of thoſe learned Men, for your ſatisfaction.

Zulema. *Dare you what ſenſe and reaſon prove deny?* *Al. p. 138.*
Alm. *When ſhe's in queſtion, ſenſe and reaſon lye.*

Thou haſt within thee, without thee, and about thee a moſt inexhauſtible ſtore of ſuch Trumpery; that I muſt quit this and paſs to another head, which is thy dull *Quarliſm*, or *Witheriſm* to ſave my own labour and my Readers (if any be ſo idle to read this.)

Quis leget hæc? —— *nemo Hercule nemo,*
Vel duo, vel nemo. Perſius.

For Example.

Whatever Izabella *ſhall command,* *Alm. part*
Shall always be a Law to Ferdinand. *2. p. 113.*

To what e'er ſervice you ordain my hand *p. 89.*
Name your requeſt, and call it your Command.
Imagine what muſt needs be brought to paſs,
My Hearts not made of Marble, Or of Braſs.

Orbella. *Your Father wonders much at your delay.* *Ind Emp.*
Cydaria. *So great a wonder for ſo ſmall a ſtay?* *p. 13.*

Without delay th' unlucky Gift reſtore, *Al. p. 104.*
Or from this Minute never ſee me more. *p. 89.*

Grant that ſhe loves me not, at leaſt I ſee
She loves not others, if ſhe loves not me.

Canſt

Canſt thou after this have the Confidence to ſay thy Plays are written with more Flame than Art. I vow to thee, I cannot perceive either Art, Flame, or the leaſt Spark of fire in thy Poetry. I muſt acknowledge it has all the qualities of another Element, I mean the Earth, 'tis cold, dry, and ſo heavy, that at the hearing of it, the judicious part of thy company fall aſleep, and one would have thought, thou had'ſt done ſo too, at the writing. I foreſee that this is labour ill beſtow'd upon you, for when thou art reprehended for producing a Chymerical Ninny upon the Stage, thy defence runs thus.

Who told my over-wiſe Cenſors I intended him a perfect Character, or, indeed, what neceſſity was there that he ſhould be ſo? .... or when we quarrel at ſome other fault, you ſtraight flap us in the Mouth, and tell us, you deſign'd it ſo on purpoſe to make your Play go off more ſmartly. Which Apology how it differs from what *Bayes* the *Laureat* ſays, Ile make you your ſelf Judge.

Rehearſal. Some will ſay, this ſenſe is not much to the purpoſe, why I grant it, I meant it ſo, but then 'tis as full of Wit and Drollery as ever it can hold, 'tis like an Orange ſtuck with Cloves.

I thought to have rebuked thee for thy ſcattering of Nonſenſe under another diſtinct and peculiar head, but if I had enter'd upon that Theme, I ſhould never have made an end. Therefore I'll conclude with a word, or two, only of advice, for the diſcharge of my Conſcience, as a friend, and one that wiſhes you well; though I know before hand, you are ſo prejudiced againſt me, that you'l be deaf to all I can ſay; yet notwithſtanding your averſion I will take the liberty of Counſelling you to give over this way of miſtaken Poetry, and apply your ſelf to ſome honeſt Calling, wherein you may, (and truly hope will) thrive better, than at this damn'd Trade of a Play-wright. And for your *Almanzor*, *Porphyrius*, *Maximin*, with the old *Roman* Legions the *Abencerrages* and *Zegrys*, and the reſt of your invincible *Heroes*, which you have already rais'd, ſince you have now no furthur uſe of their ſervice, to eaſe your ſelf of the charge of continuing them in pay, faith, e'en do a deed of Charity, let 'em not lie upon your hands, but lend any one of 'em to the *Dutch* againſt the K. of *France*. Who knows what an *Almanzor* may do? he if any Man may ſave the Country. As for your Ladies, *Orbella*, *Lyndaraxa*, *Almeria*, *Cydaria*, &c. ---- You know they have already thoſe that will take care of and provide for them. —— *Longum formoſe vale, vale.*

Martin Clifford.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
Hind & Panther.

In a Letter to a Friend.

SIR,

THE Preſent you have made me of the *Hind and Panther*, is variouſly talked of here in the Countrey. Some wonder what kind of Champion the Roman Catholicks have now gotten: for they have had divers ways of *repreſenting* themſelves; but this of *Rhiming* us to death, is altogether new, and unheard of, before Mr. *Bayes* ſet about it. And indeed he hath done it in the *Sparkiſheſt* Poem that ever was ſeen: 'Tis true, he hath written a great *many fine things*; but he never had ſuch *pure Swiftneſs* of Thought, as in this Compoſition, nor ſuch *fiery Flights* of Fancy. Such hath always been his *Dramatical* and *Scenical* way of Scribling, that there was no Poſt nor Pillar in the Town exempt from the paſting up of the Titles of his Plays; Inſomuch that the *Foot-boys*, for want of skill in Reading, do now (as we hear) often bring away by miſtake, the Title of a

new Book againſt the *Church of England*, inſtead of taking down the *Play* for the Afternoon: yet if he did it *well or handſomly*, he might deſerve ſome Pardon; but alas! how ridiculouſly doth he appear in Print for any Religion, who hath made it his buſineſs to laugh at all! How can he ſtand up for any mode of Worſhip, who hath been accuſtomed to bite, and ſpit his Venom againſt the very Name thereof?

Wherefore I cannot but wiſh our Adverſaries Joy in their New-converted *Hero*, Mr. *Bayes*; whoſe Principle it is to fight ſingle *with whole Armies*; and this one quality he prefers before all the *moral Vertues* put together: The Roman Catholicks may talk what they will, of *their Bellarmin* and *Perrone*, their *Hector* and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I deſire them all, to ſhew one ſuch Champion for the Cauſe, as this *Drawcanſir:* For he is the Man, that kills whole Nations at once; who, as he never wrote any thing, that any one can imagin has ever been the practiſe of the World, ſo in his late endeavours to pen Controverſie, you ſhall hardly find one word to the purpoſe: He is that accompliſhed Perſon, who loves *Reaſoning ſo much in Verſe*, and hath got a knack of writing it ſmoothly. The Subject (he treats of in this Poem) did in his Opinion, require more than ordinary *Spirit and Flame*; therefore he ſuppoſed it to be too great *for Proſe*; for he is too proud, to creep ſervilly after ſenſe; ſo that in his *Verſe*, he ſoares high above the reach of it; to do this, there is no need of Brain; 'tis but ſcanning right; the labour is in the *Finger*, not in the *Head*.

However, if Mr. *Bayes* would be pleaſed to abate a little of the exuberancy of his Fancy and Wit; to diſpenſe with his Ornaments and Superfluencies of *Invention and Satyr*, a Man might conſider, whether he

he ſhould ſubmit to his Argument; but take away the *Railing*, and no *Argument remains*; ſo that one may beat the Buſh a whole day, and after ſo much labour, only ſpring a *Butterfly*, or ſtart an *Hedg-hog*.

For all this, is it not great pity to ſee a Man in the flower of his *Romantick* Conceptions, in the full vigour of his Studies on *Love and Honour*, to fall into ſuch a diſtraction, as to walk through the *Thorns and Briars* of Controverſie, unleſs his *Confeſſor* hath commanded it, as a *Penance* for ſome paſt ſins: that a Man, who hath read *Don Quixot* for the greateſt part of his Life, ſhould pretend to interpret the *Bible*, or trace the Footſteps of *Tradition*, even in the darkeſt Ages?

But hold, we have a *Battel* juſt coming in; and now Mr. *Bayes* ſpeaks as big, as if Ten Thouſand Men were really engaged; at the ſame time he ſings in his Verſe, and puts himſelf into a Warlike poſture; ſo that our Ears are at once entertained *with Muſick and good Language*, and our Eye is alſo ſurpriſed with the *Garb* and *Accoutrements* of a Controverſial War: Notwithſtanding, methinks this *bluſtring Wight* is hardly ſtrong and wiſe enough to demonſtrate two ſuch untoward Points, as *Tranſubſtantiation* and *Infallibility*; I fancy, he is as able *to Square the Circle*. His Brains indeed, have been a long time uſed to *Chimera's*, *the Raptures and Viſions of Poetry*, *gaudy Scenes*, *unaccountable flights of Non-ſenſe*, *and big Abſurdities*: conſequently, he may have a good head for the believing of *Legends*.

But let us ſee how he proves his ſeveral Poſitions; which for brevity and diſtinction ſake, I muſt denominate after this manner, and in this order.

1. Tranſubſtantiation. 2. Reformation. 3. Infallibility. 4. Novelty and Schiſm. 5. The paſſive Church.

Firſt, *Tranſubſtantiation*, he ſays, we muſt admit,

-------Becauſe Man is to believe
Beyond what Senſe and Reaſon can conceive.

Thus Mr. *Bayes* hath ſubdued his Underſtanding, and laying aſide his Senſe and Reaſon, is become a zealous Bigot for the *Roman Faith*. But God Almighty is pleaſed to deal with us, as Rational Creatures; therefore no Doctrine, that comes from him, is contrary to our Reaſon, neither are our Faculties to be renounced for the ſake of it; without the uſe whereof we ſhould not be able to know any thing, that relates to the Worſhip of God, or our own Duty: Nay, in the very planting of the *Chriſtian* Faith by Miracles, Appeals are always made to the Reaſon and Senſe of the Standers by: We may therefore very well ſuſpect, that ſome Cheat is to be put upon us, when they would have us receive a Doctrine of the *Council of Trent*, without Senſe and Reaſon. Thus to ſubdue the Underſtanding to the Belief of Fictions, is to ſuppoſe, that God doth not expect, that we ſhould make uſe of the Soul, which he hath given us in all its Adorations to pay him *a Rational Service*. But Mr. *Bayes* hath not yet left off to expoſe Religion; for to feign monſtrous Opinions, and then fly to Omnipotence to make them out, is the moſt unjuſtifiable Attempt, and the higheſt Blaſphemy, that can be thought on. But our Poet is the ſame Mr. *Bayes* ſtill, as He was, when he ſerved the Stage: He did ever ſcorn to imitate Nature, and was altogether given to elevate and ſur-

prize;

prize; ſo now he would baniſh Senſe and Reaſon out of Religion, to which he was never a Friend; but above all, his way of managing Controverſies is peculiar; 'tis indeed Elevating, Charming, Rhiming, and every thing, but Thinking and Senſe; as for Inſtance, *p.* 15.

The Smith Divine, as with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

There's a *Rant* for you; That's a Flight of Fancy at its full Range, without any Check and Controul of Senſe and Reaſon: Hence it is, that he hath been always wont to ſhew ſuch hideous, monſtrous things in his Plays, that every Man of Wit began to nauſeate his ſwelling Stuff; ſo now he labours to do the ſame thing in Divinity; inſomuch that his new Church will find it neceſſary in a little time to ſpue him out.

Secondly, *Reformation* he rallies at, as the *Brat of an old, obſcene, and furious Lyon*; that is, *Henry the 8th's Luſt:* This is indeed a *bluſtring* Verſe, and a *bold* Stroke at the Memory of That King; for thus our Hero will ſnub even Kings, baffle Armies, and do what He will, without any regard to good Manners or Juſtice: Nay, he ſhall win you above a Dozen Battles by this ſort of Impudence, one after another. But now among Friends, was there ever any thing ſpoken ſo falſly, ſo maliciouſly, ſo ignorantly? He has Face enough to ſay or unſay any thing, and 'tis his Priviledge, what the *School-Divines* deny to be even within the Power of the Almighty, To make Contradictions true; that an honeſt, neceſſary, and well-grounded Reformation from groſs Errors, *impoſed as matters of Faith*, ſhould be the Product of Wickedneſs

ednes and Adultery: Or that it ſhould begin upon a ſhameful Occaſion, and from the Extravagance of a private Paſſion: He will oppoſe *King Henry's Divorce* againſt what I ſay: But I am not ſtartled at that, no more than at the Fable of our Biſhops *Conſecration at the Nagg's-Head-Tavern*, or at the *Kentiſh*-men's having *long Tailes* for the Murder of *Thomas Becket*. Such frivolous Arguments as theſe might have ſerved well enough in the *Mouths of the Monks*, Two Hundred Years a-go; but they will not paſs ſo eaſily in an inquiſitive Age: In brief therefore, it is evident, that King *Henry* VIII. did never intend to proceed to a much greater Diſtance from the *Roman See*, than the *Gallican Church* maintains at this Day: There is no Man of our Church, that looks on his *Breach* with the Pope, to have been a Reformation: We only eſteem it to be of the nature of thoſe Quarrels, which many Princes in the moſt Catholick Countries have managed againſt the *Holy Chair*. The Reformation, to which we ſtand, is of a later Date: *The Primitive Reformers amongſt us* beheld the Reaſons of Men tamely ſubjected to one Man's Command, and the Sovereign Powers of all *Chriſtendom* ſtill expoſed to be check'd and deſtroyed by the Reſolutions of his private Will: Upon this they aroſe to perform two of the greateſt Works in the World, at once to deliver the Minds of *Chriſtians* from Tyranny, and the Dignity of the Throne from Spiritual Bondage: Whatever was the Accidental, this was the real Cauſe of our Reformation, and of their Separation from us, not ours from them: And this was an Event, which muſt needs have come to paſs near the time, in which it did, tho' King *Henry* had never forſaken his Wife: Mr. *Bayes* therefore ought to know, that our Doctrine, as bad as he thinks it is, was eſtabliſhed by Chriſt and his Apoſtles; and

that

that the Ceremonies of our Worſhip were not ſet up by Faction, or by popular Fancy, but by the deliberate Counſels of Wiſe Men, and by the Authority of that Power, which bears the immediate Image of God. This may be enough to ſatisfie our idle Dreamer on *Parnaſſus*, as to this Point; who prides himſelf in the peculiar Virulency of his Pen, and ſo he may ſay a tart thing concerning the *Reformers*, and give it the Majeſtick Turn of Heroick Poeſie; He cares not what Obloquy he caſts upon the Hiſtory or the Profeſſion of Religion.

Thirdly, *Infalibility* of the Pope and Council is the next Subject, which is one of God's peculiar and incommunicable Attributes; and where is no Omniſcience, there muſt be Ignorance in part; and where Ignorance is, there may be Errour: And if Mr. *Bayes* underſtood any thing beyond his *Drama-common-place-book*, He would ſee, that the Doctrine of *Infallibility* was not known in the Church for a Thouſand Years; and it hath been much diſputed, ever ſince it was firſt aſſerted, and will be ſo; let Mr. *Bayes* affirm never ſo confidently,

——*That this unfailing Guide,*
In Pope and General Councils muſt reſide.

But how can this be, when if *Infallibility* be placed in a General Council, it was not in the Church for the firſt 320 Years, ſo it has not been in it this laſt 120 Years: It is as certain, there was never a General Council of all the Paſtours of the Church; neither hath the Scripture ſet down any Rules, how this Aſſembly ſhould be called, who ſhould have a right to Vote, or what Numbers muſt concur to make up an Infallible Judgment. If

then

then the Pope be not Infallible, you have no other Judge that can pretend to it: And in what place of Scripture is the Pope named for our Guide? If our great Master hath not done it, we must not say, he hath neglected to do something, which He should have done: Notwithstanding, He is our most perfect Saviour, who hath shewed us a sure way to Salvation: But still He hath left us to the free use of our Faculties, and hath not provided an Infallible Preservative against Errour; no, not against Sin, which is much more mischievous. But if our Eternal Safety did depend upon the Judgment and Direction of one Infallible Guide; 'tis very strange that neither Christ nor his Apostles should give Mankind any Notice, whether this Infallibility was to be found in One Man or in a Body: And it is as strange, that in all the Controversies the Apostles had, whilst they lived, they should never make use of any such Authority to put an end to them, as the Conclave of Cardinals have found out.

She whom ye seek am I, is not a sufficient Warrant for the Church of *Rome*'s claiming an Infallibility in all her Decrees; no more than a *Mountebank* is to be credited, who after a deal of Scaffold-Pageantry to draw Audience, entertains them by decrying all others with a Panegyrick of his own *Orvietan Balsom*. And Indeed Mr. *Bayes* seems to be but a raw Divine, and not to understand well the case of Religion; for Jesus Christ is the Sovereign of the Church; the Pastours are only as Inferiour Judges in Civil Affairs; if they manifestly oppose themselves to the Scripture, which is the *Law of the Christians*, particular Persons may be supposed as competent Judges of That, as in Civil Matters they may be of the Rebellion of the Judges; and in that Case they are bound still to maintain their Obedience to Jesus Christ. In matters indifferent, doubtful, and

of

of ſmall Conſequence, we are to acquieſce in the Deciſions of the Church; but if it is viſible, that the Paſtours teach other Doctrines, than what Chriſt taught, the People may put in their Appeal to the great Judge, *Chriſt Jeſus*, the Sovereign of the Church.

But This being a knotty Point, Mr. *Bayes* laid his Head cloſe to it, with a *Snuff-Box* in his Hand no doubt, when he conceived theſe Verſes, *p.* 39.

Who ſetting Councils, Pope, and Church aſide,
Are every Man his own preſuming Guide.

However, the uſe of private Judgment is not ſo bad, as the Effects of *blind Zeal* and *ignorant Superſtition*; witneſs the Wars for eſtabliſhing the *Worſhip of Images*; the *Croiſſades* againſt the *Saracens*; *Princes* depoſed by *Popes*, which *laſted* for many Ages; the *Butcheries* of the Duke of *Alva*, the *Maſſacrees* of *Paris* and *Ireland*: A ſmall Diverſity of Opinion about indifferent Matters was never the cauſe of ſuch barbarous Cruelties; therefore the preſent State of our *Church* is more deſireable, than the groſs Ignorance and beſotted Superſtition of *Italy* and *Spain*.

Wherefore I do here admoniſh you, Mr. *Bayes*, not to go on in your Cenſures of this kind, as the Author of *Pax Vobis* hath done, your Brother in *Scholaſtick Duncery*, before you have replyed to the learned and ingenious Anſwerer of your *Pamphlet*, which you wrote in Proſe in the Caſe of the *Ducheſs* of *Y*. Your ſlie Reflection upon Him in this Poem will not do the Buſineſs, in which you imitate the *Hawking of the Magpye*, when ſhe huffs her Train in token of Courage and Victory; whilſt, alaſs! 'tis her fear all, and another way of crying the Hawk Mercy; and to the end, that the Hawk finding nothing but Feathers to ſtrike at, ſhe may ſo perhaps ſhelter her Body: It is very fit indeed, you ſhould have a *Guide* and a *Keeper* too; but Men in

their Wits do believe, that God made Man a reasonable Creature, who feels as much Pleasure, when he can give himself a good Account of his Actions, as one that sees, does perceive, in comparison to a blind Man who is led about; and therefore they think, that the same merciful God would not contrive his Religion to be dark, nor place it beyond the reach of their Faculties, when he designed it to perfect their Natures, and to raise them to the utmost heights they are capable of.

Fourthly, the next Charge is *Novelty and Schism*, thus expressed, *p. 66.*

We can point out each Period of the Time,
When they began, and who begat the Crime;
Can Calculate how long the Eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd.

Mr. *Bayes*, you must know, was always good at *Eclipses*; as when he made the Sun, Moon, and Earth act one in a Dance: But I must say, that this is a new way of writing Controversie, to run us down with Whimsies instead of true Reasoning, as He hath been used to astonish the Spectators in the Play-House with *Scenes*, *Clothes*, and *Dances*; instead of giving Mankind a Picture of themselves, and thereby making Virtue belov'd, Vice abhor'd, and the little Irregularities of Men's Tempers, call'd Humours, exposed to Laughter.

But seeing He is so exact at the Calculation of Time, I would have him inform us, how old these following Doctrines are; *Transubstantiation*, *Purgatory*, *the Merit of Works*, *Invocation of Saints*, *the Supremacy of the Bishop of* Rome, *the Authority of the Councils*, and *the Infallibility of the Pope*; these being the chief Causes, for which we dissent from *Rome*. Surely in the beginning these things were not so: For according to our Account

Account, *Infallibility* goes no higher, than the *Scholars* of *Marcus* in *Irenæus*, or the *Gnosticks* in *Epiphanius*; *Purgatory* comes from *Origen*, or at the furtheſt from *Tertullian*, who had it from *Montanus*: The Denial of Marriage to the Prieſthood is derived from Pope *Calixtus*: *Tranſubſtantiation* is from the *Lateran Council*: The Half-Communion is no older, than the time *Aquinas*: Praying in an unknown Tongue may be fetcht as far as from *Gregory the Great*: St. *Auſtin* denies the Invocation of Saints departed to have been in his Days; and the Supremacy of the Pope began in *Boniface the Third.*

Againſt *Tranſubſtantiation Aquinas* argues, *Oper. Tom.* 12. as a novel and an impoſſible thing, for one Body to be *locally* in *more places* than *one*, and *in all at once.* The witholding the *Cup* from the *Laity* is againſt our Saviours Inſtitution, who hath commanded all Men to *drink of this Cup*, Matth. 26. 27. From the beginning the *Holy Scriptures* were peruſed by the People; witneſs the *Traditores* in the Perſecution of *Dioclesian*, who were called ſo from their delivering up of their *Bibles*, which, before they were forced to the contrary, they made daily uſe of; therefore the *Hebrew* Text was read Weekly to the *Jews*, and the *New Teſtament* was written in *Greek*, becauſe that Tongue was moſt known to the *Eaſtern World*; and to pray in an unknown Tongue, is againſt the plain Senſe of the 14*th.* Chapter of the Firſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians.* Prieſts alſo were permitted to have Wives both in the *Old* and *New Teſtaments*, and many of the Bleſſed Apoſtles were Married Men: And St. *Paul* aſſerts his Liberty to carry a *Wife* along with him, as well as *Cephas.*

Theſe and many more Corruptions (which I could mention) in point of Practice and Doctrine too, awaken'd the Chriſtian World to look out for a Reformation;

mation; to enquire for the *old paths*, and to walk therein, and to reform, what was amiſs, by what had been the Belief and Practice of the Chriſtian Church from the beginning. In this Search are diſcovered the Riſe and Progreſs of all the new-invented Doctrines in the *Church of Rome*; by what Degrees her ſeveral Errours have been brought in: For to go no further back, than the *Council of Trent*, we find new Articles of Faith, ſuch as the *Sacrifice of the Maſs*, the *Doctrine of Purgatory*, the *Invocation of Saints*, the *Worſhip of Images*, and the like, were enjoyned under the Pain of Damnation: And in the Canon of the *Fourth Seſſion of that Council* Unwritten Traditions are decreed to be of equal Authority with the Scriptures: Upon this our firſt Reformers conſulted the Scriptures, and the Primitive Fathers of the Church, that they might ſee, how things ſtood from the beginning, and only ſeparated from them, who had parted with the *old* and the *true Religion.* Therefore it is in vain for Mr. *Bayes* to ſcorn or to complain of us for leaving the *Church of Rome*, unleſs He can convince us, that we have forſaken the Word of God, the Doctrine of Chriſt and his Apoſtles, the uncorrupted Primitive Church, the Four Firſt General Councils, or the Antient Creeds. This is *old Standard Faith*, Mr. *Bayes*, and *theſe the firſt plantations* of the Truth of the Goſpel; from the Profeſſion whereof we are no *Schiſmaticks:* for *Schiſm* muſt needs be *theirs*, who give the cauſe of Separation, not *theirs*, who do but ſeparate, when the Cauſe is given; and we have departed from *Rome* for this Reaſon, becauſe ſhe hath in many Inſtances departed from the Faith of *Chriſt:* Nay, had not the Pope affected a Supremacy over all other Churches, beſids his own, we never had caſt off a Yoak, which had never been put on our Necks; and ſo it is plain, that the *Uſurper did make the Schiſm.*

It

It is indeed a Glorious Deſign to reconcile all Churches to one Doctrine and Communion; but then it muſt not be done by ſuch Tyranny, as the Popes have practiſed to fetter Men ſtreighter under the Bondage of fictitious Articles of Faith; but Unity from this kind of Force is rather to be prayed againſt, than wiſh'd for: God only in his own time, and by the inſcrutable Methods of his Providence, is able to range his whole Church ſcattered over the Face of the Earth, into primitive Unity and Chriſtian Order. In the mean time Mr. *Bayes* ſhould lay aſide his Projects of *Pillories*, *Rods*, *Gibbets* and *Inquiſitions* to make us acquieſce in his Judgment, whatever be our private Opinion: In ſome parts of *his allegorical Poem*, one would verily believe, that the *Poet* himſelf was turned into a *Wolfe*, for his Speech is all howling, yelling, and barking, that you would imagin, He would preſently pull out the Throats, and ſuck the Bloud of all the *Proteſtant Sheep*, who are always ready to ſuffer, rather than commit that Errour againſt their Conſciences, which muſt render them *Hypocrites* to God, and *Knaves* amongſt Men. Therefore, notwithſtanding, Mr. *Bayes* hath thought fit to paſs over from one perſwaſion of Religion to another, yet he might forbear *to ſpit* thrice at every Article of Religion, that he hath relinquiſhed, or to animate his new Acquaintance, to trample upon his former Companions; theſe are Uſages, that can only be expected from a *Renegado* of *Argier*, or *Tunis*, to overdo in Expiation, that he may gain better credence of being a ſincere *Muſſulman*.

5. He Scoffs at the Church of *England*, in calling her the *Paſſive Church*: For Mr. *Bayes* is reſolved, ſeeing ſhe would not admit him into her Preferments, that ſhe ſhall know what a *Satyriſt* he is; for this reaſon he hath made a *Panther*, a ſpotted Beaſt of the moſt

moſt innocent and blameleſs Church; he hath accuſed of Pride, the humbleſt; of Rapacity and Covetouſneſs, the moſt inoffenſive and bountiful; of Ignorance and want of Devotion, the moſt Learned and Pious; of falſe Doctrine, the moſt Primitive; of ill Diſcipline, the moſt decent Church under Heaven. And when nothing elſe could be ſaid, he even upbraids it with its *Submiſſion* and *Obedience*. Notwithſtanding all his impudent diſgraces, there remains this one comfort to the Church of *England*, That the ſame Man who now vilifies her ſo baſely, was thought unworthy of her Communion, for his vicious and ill life: Beſides, it is eaſie to conjecture at the cauſe of this his harſh uſage of our Church; he hath but lately Apoſtatized from it, and is but juſt entred into the *Romiſh Faith*; therefore he was reſolved to give an unqueſtionable proof of the Eſtabliſhment thereof, by reviling the Church of *England*, if any ſhould ſtill doubt of the reality of his Converſion: And this I confeſs, he hath proſecuted with all the *Violence* and *Bigotry*, which commonly accompanies *new Converts*. Our Adverſary knew very well, the Church of *England* to be a Body, that will never Rebell againſt the King; therefore in deriſion, he calls her the *Paſſive Church*; Thanks be to God, ſhe is ſo; therefore ſhe is the True Church of Chriſt: So that, for diſtinction ſake, we will name *yours*, Mr. *Bayes*, *Armarillis*, becauſe of her Armour againſt all Princes that are not of her mind; and this is now our Poets *new Miſtreſs*; as a Friend of his broke off his Match with *Cloris*, to marry *Old Joan*. But (Sir) you have not in the leaſt hit the *Relliſh* of the Town by this Conceit; the choiceſt Spirits, you may have a value for, do deſpiſe you for it; for according to your cuſtom, in *This you have done, what was never done before*; Traduce a Church for her unſhaken

ſhaken Loyalty, at the ſame time, that you would be thought a Faithful Subject to the Crown. For this reaſon, if a *Teſt* be of any uſe at all, it would be to keep out ſuch Zealots, as you are, Mr. *Bayes*, from being concerned in human Society; who would deſtroy all that ſtand in their way, according to the example of that *fiery Order*, whoſe vehement Principles are diſtaſtful to *Rome* its ſelf; who are uneaſie, unleſs they carry all before them: Our protection againſt the *heats* of theſe Men, next under God, is wholly placed in our *moſt gracious King*, who, as a *true Father* of his Countrey, doth act in his Favour and Indulgence to his People, according to the temper of our moſt holy Religion, which inſpires Mankind with Charity and Mercy: But we muſt needs have ſad apprehenſions of the deſigns of thoſe, who have ever uſed all the Arts of Craft and Violence to extirpate the *Northern Hereſie*, as they miſ-call our Religion, and to promote their own Intereſt in oppoſition to the ends, and the *true genius* of Chriſtianity: Our ſole fence againſt them is his *Majeſties promiſe*; and to Royal and Generous Minds, no Stipulations are ſo binding, as their own voluntary promiſes; nor is it to be wonder'd at, if they hold thoſe Conditions, that they put upon themſelves, the moſt inviolable.

Now I may Appeal to the common ſenſe of any Reader, whether this Poem be not one of the *rankeſt* pieces of Folly and Malice blended together, among all the *impertinent*, *dull*, *phantaſtical things*, the Town is at this time tired with: Yet the Author would be eſteemed a ſolemn and a grave Perſon; and he may obſerve in the Converſation he hath lately had with the *Birds* and *Beaſts*, that the graveſt are the *Owl* and the *Aſs*. For ſometimes this Mr. *Bayes is not able to ſay one good thing in a whole page, if it were to ſave his Life*;

then

then he lays about him, as if he were *running a Muck*, and had resolved to kill all that he met: At one time he picks quarrels with the *Holy Scriptures*, and slights the Readers of it with the most *impertinent pratings*: At another time he *Roars* and *Huffs* against the *Man in Black*, with the most *rude and clowniſh deportment*; so that all Civil Company must needs loath his ill-breeding more, than the *Buffoonry of Hoſtlers and Porters*.

In one place, he blames *Proteſtants* for having no *Treatiſe of Humility*, but what they have borrowed from Foreigners: So the *Proteſtant Poets* say, that Mr. *Bayes* could never have been an Author, without stealing from *Milton*, and many others, that have been *helps for his Wit* to furniſh out the Stage: And how many good thoughts hath he made his own, as *he phraſes it in the Rehearſal*, by *Tranſproſing* and *Tranſverſing*: As now he hopes, theſe Arguments for Popery may paſs for his, becauſe he hath put them into an *unuſual dreſs*, and hath tagg'd 'em with Rhimes. And to ſpeak the truth, there is very little *of his own* in any Book that he hath publiſhed, but the Arrogance and unparallel'd Cenſoriouſneſs, which he exerciſes over all other Writers.

But if the Credit of all Men whatſoever, be, and ought to be ſo well guarded, both by Nature, Law, and Diſcretion, the *Clergy* certainly, of all others, ought to be kept and preſerved Sacred in their Reputation: For they being Men of the ſame Spirit with others, and no leſs ſubject to humane Paſſions, it is the *moſt unmanly* as well as *baſe thing*, to treat them with *open affronts*; to pelt them with *Ribaldry*, and *Atheiſtical Drollery*: For all that, theſe Calumnies are the *grand refinements* of Mr. *Bayes* his Poem; and without *theſe Flowers* he thought his new Religion could not be enough embeliſh'd or ſet off: *Ignorant and miſtaken Proſelyte!*

Who

Who believes it neceſſary to part with any Virtue, even common Civility, that he may caſt Dirt upon the *Church of England*, as if that did not require and encourage more Sobriety, more *Mortification*, than ever He could be guilty of: Whereas it hath always been fruitful of Men, who together with Obedience to the beſt Diſcipline, have lived to the Envy of the Papiſts in their Converſation, and without ſuch *true Defenders of the Chriſtian Faith* could never have baffled them ſo ſhamefully, as they have done of late. Inſomuch that I fancy, they will make very few Converts by *diſputing*, unleſs they may pretend to have turned ſome (*as in the old* Florentine *Wars*) by meer tiring them out, and perfect wearineſs; or ſome ſuch *Libertines*, as Mr. *Bayes*, who will be *ſeemingly religious*, when it is their Intereſt; but when 'tis not, then any thing is their Duty, that contributes to their Security.

For being *influenc'd* by this Principle, our Poet is not only contented to leave our Church, but all of a ſudden he appears *at the Head of the contrary Party*; which, ſuppoſing the Diſpute to be juſt, yet in him was ſo *mercenary*, that none would have deſcended to *act this part*, but one, who could not get a Livelihood *from the Play-houſe:* But ſo *flippant* He is, and forward to write againſt *Proteſtancy* in general, that in deſpight of Senſe and good Manners,

He huffs, he ſtruts, looks big, and ſtares;
And all this he can do, becauſe he dares.

And when he had *cook'd up theſe muſty Collections*, he recommends them with that *high Sauce*, the *Magnificence of Verſe*; but methinks he was out in his *Politicks*, becauſe he hath not recommended his *Religion*, as He was wont to do *his Plays*, by Civility, Inſinuation, good Language, and all That; for the *Engliſh* being a good-natur'd People, are ſooner won by good Words than Blows.

It hath been an odious Task to me all along to pick out the *moſt noxious pieces* of his Satyr; therefore I ſhall leave many paſſages unſearcht, nor read any farther upon his *Swallows* and *Pigeons*, where Mr. *Bayes* makes the *braveſt Work that ever Man ſaw*; and This is the *Bane* of all ſuch kind of Writers; the Vulgar never underſtand them, and if they did, they would *not be one jot the better:* No *Romance* can furniſh us with *ſuch pleaſant and worſhipful Tales*; they want nothing of perfection, but that they do not begin *with once upon a time*; which Mr. *Bayes*, *according to his Accuracy*, if he had thought on't, would never have omitted: And more than this, by changing ſome Lines, and bringing in a few People talking in the way of Dialogue, this very *Poem may ſerve for a Play*, as *ſmiling* and *frowning* are performed in the Face with the *ſame Muſcles* very little altered. But ſtill I cannot imagin the reaſon, why He ſhould make uſe of theſe *tedious and impertinent Allegories*, unleſs he thought, that what was *ſolid* and *argumentative*, being imp'd with ſomething more *light* and *airy*, might carry further, and pierce deeper: Unleſs in this time of Heat and Anger the *Roman Catholicks* may think fit to employ him, as being a *ſpightful Creature*, or the *good Fathers* may divert themſelves awhile with an *Animal*, that is *unlucky*, *mimical*, and *gameſom*.

Yet let me tell you, Mr. *Bayes*, your beſt Friends declare you a more competent Judge of ſome ſort of Wit and Delight, than of Religion, or any Controverſie about it; they ſay, you manage *Rhythmes well*; and that you have a good Art in making *high Idea's* of Honour, and in *ſpeaking noble things:* In this Debate, it had been more edifying, if you had wrote *in Proſe*; it would have rendred your Speech more natural, and you would never have made ſo much Contention, as

you

you have done, between the *Rhythme* and the *Senſe*. But I ſee, he is not in a condition of taking Counſel, or of correcting his Vices; therefore he will continue in defiance of all the means, that can be uſed to the contrary, *an endleſs Scribler*, *an empty Politician*, *an inſolent Poet*, *and an idle pretender to Controverſie*; ſo that he is reſolved to Rave againſt us as ſo many *vile Hereticks*; juſt as the *Italians*, *French*, and *Spaniards*, have had the Vanity to boaſt, that all Wit is to be ſought for, no where, but amongſt themſelves; it is their eſtabliſh'd Rule, that good Senſe has always kept near the warm Sun, and ſcarce ever yet dared to come farther, *than the forty ninth degree Northward*; This is a very unaccountable Fancy; but they have the ſame Opinion of Religion too, as if all *Orthodoxy* could not go *out of the Bounds*, which they have ſet it.

So Mr. *Bayes* his Controverſial Writings, are *unanſwerable*, juſt as ſome places are *impregnable*, by reaſon of the *Dirt* that lies about them; and to maintain a conflict any longer with his Reaſons, were to renew the old way of fighting with *Sand-bags*, the true *Emblem of his unjoynted*, *incoherent* Stuff; For if he goes on thus in making Volumes of Controverſie, his beſt Confuters, will be the *Grocers* and *Haberdaſhers of Small Wares*, who will bind up their *rotten Raiſons*, and *Mundungus* in his Papers; and his *Book-ſellers* will dwell at the *South-ſide* of *Paul's*, where his Works ſhall be bound up, as his *Forefather William Prynnes* were, in Trunks, Hat-caſes, and Bandboxes. I am

Yours, &c.

FINIS.

FINIS.

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